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Willie Drunk Again

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WILLIE

Drunk Again.

H. SUCH, Machine Printer, 177, Union St. Boro'.

Oh, Willie, you've come home, lad,
Drunk, drunk, again,
I thought you said last night,
You were going to abstain
From all intoxicating drinks,
But you did not tell me true,
And we're in the midst of poverty,
Whatever shall we do.
My heart is almost broken,
And my hopes are almost vain,
You said you'd sign "teetotal,"
But you're drunk, drunk, again.

Oh, Willie, I'd no thought,
The day that we were wed,
That I should have my little ones,
Crying out for bread;
But, oh, that cursed drink,
Our home it has destroyed,
Which makes me almost rue the day,
That I became your bride.
My heart is almost broken,
And my hopes are all in vain,
You said you'd join "teetotal,"
But you're drunk, drunk, again.

Oh, Willie, you're a foolish lad,
To drink in such a way,
A suit of black you used to wear,
Upon the Sabbath day;
But now in rags and dirt,
With drunkards you do roam,
Neglecting both your family,
And your once happy home.
For my heart is almost broken,
And my hopes are all in vain;
You said you'd sign "teetotal,"
But you're drunk, drunk, again.

Oh, Willie, you got drunk last night,
And I'm sure you could not stand,
You beat me most severely,
To comply with your demand,
That I'd give money for to drink,
While you know that very day,
I had to pawn my dress and shawl,
Our landlord for to pay.
So then take my advice, Willie,
From drinking do abstain!
Look to your wife and family,
And ne'er get drunk again.

THE

LABOURING MAN

YOU Englishmen of each degree,
One moment listen unto me,
To please you all I do inter,
So listen to the lines I've penn'd.
From day to day you all may see,
The poor are frowned upon by degrees,
By them you know who never can
Do without the labouring man.

Old England's often led the van,
But not without the Labouring Man.

In former days you all must know,
The poor man cheerful used to go
Quite neat and clean upon my life,
With his children and his darling wife;
And for his wages it is said,
A fair days wages he was paid,
But now to live he hardly can—
May God protect the labouring man.

There is one thing we must confess,
If England finds they're in a mess,
And has to face the daring foe,
Unto the labouring man they go
To fight their battles, understand,
Either on sea or on the land;
Deny the truth we never can,
They call upon the labouring man.

Some for soldiers they will go,
And jolly sailors too we know,
To guard Old England day and night,
And for their country boldly fight.
But when they do return again,
They are looked upon with great disdain;
Now in distress throughout the land,
You may behold the labouring man.

When Bonaparte, and Nelson too,
And Wellington at Waterloo,
Were fighting both by land and sea,
The poor man gained these victories!
Their hearts are cast in honour's mould,
The sailors and the soldiers bold;
And every battle understand,
Was conquered by the labouring man.

The labouring man will plough the deep,
Till the ground and sow the wheat,
Fight the battles when afar,
Fear no dangers or a scar:
But still they're looked upon like thieves,
By them they keep at home at ease,
And every day throughout the land,
They try to starve the labouring man.

Now if the wars should rise again,
And England be in want of men,
They'll have to search the country round,
For the lads that plough the ground.
Then to some foreign land they'll go,
To fight and drub the daring foe;
Do what they will, do what they can,
They can't do without the labouring man.